MISS DOROTHEA'S CHRISTMAS.

And What Her Presents Cost. Miss Dorothea Strong was going to Boston to spend the belidays at her brother'sa great event in her quiet life. She was the last of the family left at the old homestead; and her brother was the only other surviving member. When, five years before, her mother's death had left her alone, everybody said, "Dorothea will probably go out West and live with her brother." But Dorothea, herself, had no such thought. Her forty years had all been spent in that one spot, and an old tree will hardly bear transplanting from a New England hillside to the heart of a Western city. Though father, sister, two brothers and, finally, mother had, one by one, been tenderly carried out at the familiar door-way, and down the shaded path their feet would never again tread, the old place was still sacred and dear to her, from its associations, be-

Lonely? Yes, but so, in a certain sense, must all the world ever be to her. She was not aloue in the house. Ever since the boys' death a family had lived there to carry on the farm, and she and her mother, in their own part of the large, old-fashioned double house, had been as free and secure from care as they could have been in any place. It was only to keep on living there by herself.

A year ago her brother had moved to Bos-ton, and all the family had come up to the old homestead and spent a few weeks of the hot weather with her. They were very stylish people, her brother's wife and the two grown-up daughters, but they enjoyed the quiet simplicity of country life, and really loved gentle Aunt Dorothea. But they all saw and felt how utterly impossible it would be for her ever to make her home in their elegant city residence.

"We would be giad to have you come and live with us, Dorothea," said her brother, kindly. "We never expected you would want to leave here while mother lived, but now you are left alone it is different." "Yes, Alfred, it is different indeed, but I feel no more like leaving the old place than I did before. It will always be home to

So they wisely refrained from urging the matter further, but when they went back to the city it was with the understanding that Dorothea should return their visit at the holidays. "Come in season to see the Christmas

things in the stores, auntie," gay Susie said, and her mother had added: "Yes come down to Thanksgiving and stay till after the holidays." So it was

Miss Dorothea's quiet good taste, and her preference for plain, rich materials were so evident that her brother's family need have no fear that they would have occasion to be ashamed of their country relative in the matter of dress. She had a comfortable income, and liked to dress well. Miss Cutting, the Greenville dress-maker, always rejoiced when she was called to make a dress for Miss Dorothea-it was sure to be of better cloth than what hershears usually ent, and there was never any scrimping of

It would not have been like Miss Dorothea to go empty-handed into any Christmas festivities; to her, giving and not getting was the true genius of the Christmastide So, over the black velvet suit, the sealbrown satin and the soft gray cashmere which constituted the new dresses Miss Dorothea was having made for the important event of her visit, she confided her Christmas desires to Miss Cutting, and asked her advice as to what she had better make and give.

"If I were going to make a present to any one hereabouts I could very soon think of something suitable, but it is hard to know what to give to people that already have everything."

(An axiom which most of us have long since learned by heart.) "Something of your own handiwork," wisely counseled Miss Cutting. "something they will like because you made it." So, after much consultation and weighing the merits of various articles of household utility Miss Dorothea decided to make for her brother's wife an elaborate toilet set. fine enough for a palatial chamber. "Doubtless Anna's house is full of them already," she said to Miss Cutting, "but

they wear out in time, so new ones won For her brother-(it is such hard work to find presents appropriate for a man) but she decided to knit him a half-dozen pairs of fine gray woolen socks, just such as his mother had kept him supplied with as long as she lived. No socks that money could buy, he was wont to declare, ever fitted him so perfectly, were so soft and warm, and every way comfortable as those his mother knit for him. Well, there's nothing in this wide world just like a mother, after all, but Miss Dorothea had courage to try

But as for the young ladies, Sophie and Susie, neither Miss Dorothea nor Miss Cutting, nor both together, could think of any-thing that would be sure to please them. Miss Dorothea finally decided to wait till she reached Boston, and, by consulting with each in regard to the tastes of the other, she might buy something for them. Through the golden October afternoons on the supny porch, and through the brown November ones by her cheery fireside, Miss Dorothea sat stitching in pleasant thoughts and anticipations of her coming visit, along with the gay-colored silks that filled her needles. And the long autumn evenings were pleasant ones to her, sitting by her open fire-place, because the soft gray yarn which slipped so easily and rapidly over her deft fingers, was being fashioned into socks for her brother, and Sophie's tidy, which had been hinted at, the click of the knitting-needles had, for

The preparations were all made, the packing done, the journey accomplished, and Miss Dorothea at last fairly domiciled in her brother's city home, a good deal be-wildered with all this change of base, as a family cat might be if suddenly trans-planted to "fresh fields and pastures new," but happy and pleased withal, and dis posed to enjoy everything she saw and The Thanksgiving dinner over and di-

the same reason, a social, cheery sound.

Miss Dorothea's heart was a warm one.

gested, all thoughts seemed to turn toward the Christmas festivities. As if by magic the stores and shops blossomed out with all their beautiful array of things to please the eye. It was one endless glitter and display. "Auntie must see the things at their best," the girls insisted, so day after day they or their mother went out with her aus wandered through the elegant stores. Al that Miss Dorothea had ever done or ever thought of in the line of Christmas gifts sank into utter insignificance now. She soon found that wealthy people measured gifts by their cost, and she naturally began to drift with the tide. The modest sum which she had mentally allotted for Christmas gifts looked unutterably small to her

"See here, Sophie," remarked Susie, one day as the girls and their aunt, at a lace counter in a fashionable store, were examining delightedly the airy cob-web fabrics, so dainty and so expensive, "this lace set is just the thing to give mother, it's so exactly

"But I've already bought her that hand kerchief, you know, fifteen dollars. You can buy this for her." "No, I must get her those cut-glass fingerbowls. They are the most elegant things you ever saw, but they do cost fright-

Miss Dorothea stayed her steps a little as the girls moved to the next counter, and asked the obsequious clerk the price of the "Seven dollars, madam, the cheapest

thing in the city to-day, marked down from ten dollars for the holidays. Ladies all called them cheap before—they are simply wonderful now. Do it up for you, Yes," said Miss Dorothea, "I will take

Among so many elegant things, the toiletset she had spent so many hours over seemed trivial and commonplace-well enough as | ister and his wife take tea with her. and an accessory, but wholly unfit for a principal gift. At a convenient opportunity she sought Susie's advice as to what to give

"Oh! I can tell you what she is sighing for-a set of Ruskin's works. Tkey have them in lovely binding at Book & Blank's, and she will be delighted with them. I'll tell you a little secret, too, though I know she wouldn't like it. She has made you a most elegant tidy, real lace, and all that, very expensive, and I know when you see it you would be glad you had given her something nice."

Miss Dorothea improved the very first opportunity, when Sopbie was not along, to call at Book & Blank's. The dainty richness of the coveted volumes appealed to her mathetic taste, but the price named, \$12,

staggered her.
"Haven't you Ruskin in any other style
of binding?" "No, ma'am, that is the style this year.

I'm sure you can't fail to admire it, and it makes a gift every one will be pleased

"I've asked advice, and now I must abide by it," thought Miss Dorothea. "Well, I won't seem nean or stingy," so Ruskin was Sophie was duly sounded by her aunt as to Susie's wants and desires.
"Oh! almost anything will please her. She's much more devoted to trinkets and gewgaws than I am. She wants a tur-quoise set to wear with her new blue silk.

and they have very pretty ones at Sparkle's from five dollars to twenty-five, or higher, but really, auntie, you mustn't make us ex-Miss Dorothea smiled wisely, as a woman who knew what she was about. She was glad she had the means to buy desirable things for her brother's family, who were all so kind and loving to her. She would have despised herself as a stingy curmud-geon if she had not felt willing to do so. Of course the turquoise set was purchased,

and not the cheapest one, either. She still wanted to make her brother a nice present, feeling sure he would never be satisfied with the socks alone, especially since she had seen the brocaded silk dressing-gown with satin facings that Sophie had made for him, and the marvelous embroidered slippers, Susie's handiwork. His wife, when appealed to for advice, had no oh! a book, or a picture, if you must buy him something, but it really isn't necessary,

dear sister." In an art store one day Susie exclaimed: "There's father's favorite picture, the one he always admires wherever he sees it, that one between the windows, auntie. It is beautiful, isn't it?"

"That elegant frame sets it off well," said Miss Dorothea studied the picture with delight, and she did more; she took the hint so thoughtlessly given by the girls, and was rejoiced to have gotten it. The very next day she went back and ordered

In her rashness she did not even ask the price until she had given the order, and when the polite salesman said "seven-teen dollars," she never winced, but paid the bill with a firm hand. Miss Dorothea was plainly getting reckless.

While her generous heart had been busy at work for them, her brother and his wife had been planning for her. Alfred Strong considered his sister the very incarnation of goodness, and could think of nothing more desirable or appropriate for her than

as money can buy." So he bought it-a mammoth quarte, giltedged, Turkey morocco binding, large, clear

print on firm, cream-tinted satin-smooth leaves, superb steel engravings, every one a work of art. It was indeed nicer than the one which lay in state on the purple velvet cushion in his elegant drawing-room, and it was about as well suited to Miss Dorothea's plain surroundings as a princess to a log cabin. It would only make its plainness look plainer. "I'm going to get her a silver cake-bas-

ket," said his wife, no whit behind him in her loving generosity. "She has so few nice things to set off her table with, I think she would enjoy one." There were plenty of cake-baskets to be bought at from five to ten dollars, but Mrs. Strong ransacked one store after another to find the handsomest, most attractive pattern, though the price was double. But making Christmas gifts, for such people, does not involve any self-denial for the loved one's sake; it is only dipping a little

deeper into a seemingly inexhaustible The month of December flew by on gilded wings that year for Miss Dorothea. Days of driving, shopping and sight-seeing, evenings of concert, lecture and opera; no amusement that Boston could give but her generous relatives freely helped her to. And at length the blessed Christmas came. It was a day long to be remembered by her. a day of happy surprises. Her brother's family, from first to last, were all very grateful for the presents she made them. "I shall have that picture hung opposite my place in the dining-room, where I can see it at every meal, and think of you, Dorothea," her brother said. "And these socks are perfect, just like the ones mother

"I haven't so lovely a toilet set in the whole house," his wife averred. "I shall put it in the very best chamber. And these laces are exactly what I like best." Sophie and Susie were equally voluble in their expressions of gratitude, and Miss Dorothea could be sure her gifts were ap-

As for herself, the magnitude and richness of the gifts she received was fairly bewildering to her simple soul. "O Alfred," she cried in genuine delight, as he put into her hands the elegant Bible. "I can never thank you enough. Who sup-posed the blessed old book could ever be dressed up so splendidly?" she said, fondly

turning the leaves. If Mr. Strong turned aside to brush away a tear which her simple earnestness called to his eyes we need not wonder, for he saw his mother over again in the love and reverence his sister felt for the blessed book. The costly cake-basket, with its filagree and frosted work, quite took away Miss

Dorothea's breath. "It's altogether too good for me, sister Anna," she said, humbly. "As if anything could be too good for you!" was the honest reply, for Mrs. Strong was not too stylish to appreciate genuine merit when she saw it. She simply erred, as did they all, in giv-

proved to be a marvel of dainty beauty, altogether too fine for actual use. And the sofa pillow of rich velvet and satin in marvelous crazy work, with intricate fancy stitches and hand-painting besides, which Susie had laboriously made for her, would be like a butterfly in a company of moths, in Miss Dorothea's plain parlor with its ingrain carpet and horsehair sofa, well worn with

years of use. It is doubtful if any thoughts of their in-congruity with her plain surroundings ever occurred to her as long as she remained in her brother's elegant home. It was only after she had returned home and settled down to private life again that she began to realize the matter, and it came almost

like a new revelation to her. These things were, after all, not what she needed most or what would give her the most comfort, yet they were hers, as really as if she had bought them herself. And in one sense, hadn't she bought them? Being in the habit of keeping always an account of her expenses, the price of the gifts she had made in return looked rather alarming in the sum total Not that she regretted any one of them,

but she felt it was not a thing she could do every year. Of course the neighbors all came in to see Miss Dorothea, and her Christmas presents were the nine-days' wonder and talk of the town. Feminine adjectives were exhausted in their praise, and I fear many

feminine hearts broke the tenth commandment on their account. Yet, after all, some level-headed people saw the real state of things. Miss Cutting, after her visit of inspection gave her opinions in full to Mrs. Squire Brown, where she was sewing.

"They're nice presents, every one of 'em Mis' Brown, but there ain't one of 'em she can take any comfort in using. Of course, she hasn't any parlor only her every-day sitting-room, and if she is as neat as wax, and hasn't no mau round to make dirt, that tidy nor that cushion couldn't be kep' there ommon for three months without being just spoilt. Delicate things must be handled delicate. As for the Bible-its splendid, but she has to keep it wrapped up in a cloth, and laid away on her closet shelf, and she reads every day out of the same old one her mother used. And the cake-basket-its the very handsomest silver thing I ever set my eyes on, but how often will she have occasion to use it? Half a dozen times a year, may be, when the minon similar occasions. Everybody wouldn't have durst to ask her, I s'pose, but I asked her point blank what she bought her brother's folks for presents, and how much they all cost. She asked me not to mention it. so I shan't: but between you and me, Mis' Brown, half of what she paid out for them would have bought her twice as much real comfort as all those nice things over will. But, after all, it's no con-

cern of mine. -Mattie W. Baker, in Good Housekeeping. Natural Result of Immoral Literature.

A man can corrupt himself simply by talking or writing immorality, and his hearers or readers are in equal danger. | waste of waters the Indian ocean was, and There ought to be no place in society for a thoroughly bad man or a thoroughly bad book, it matters not how they glitter or how they are introduced. The story of the career of Mr. Saltus is a case in point.

There ought to be no place in society for a island on such a float, and he tarried month after month in hope some ship would come to the rescue. When forced to provide himself with clothing he taught himself to the baby knows where it is.

STRANGE MYSTERY OF AN ISLAND.

Had it not been for the excitement of the first year of the civil war the queer adventures of Captain Harsen, of the Boston merchantman American Chief, would have gone the rounds and been much discussed. They were told and and retold in marine circles for many years, and now and then some newspaper or magazine has briefly referred to "Harsen's Romance." The story,

as a whole, is full of interest. In the spring of 1861, while I was second mate aboard of the English brig Enchantress, and when three days out of Zanzibar, bound for the Gulf of Bengal, we spoke the American Chief, homeward bound, and loaded with Indian products. Three days before, in a violent squall, Captain Harsen had been washed overboard, and the ship was now in charge of the first mate. The ship was taken home, Captain Harsen re-ported dead, and, six years later, when he had been forgotten by all except his rela-tions, he suddenly turned up in a way to

dumfound everybody.

In August, 1867, I was first mate of the Sea King, a small but stauch ship plying between Cape Town and Melbourne. Our ship was a feeder for the big India steamers. We took machinery and other stuff from them at the cape, and brought back wool and other products. We had the width of the Indian ocean before us on every voyage, with never a speck of land for the waters to fret against until the voyage was finished. age was finished.

One morning in the month I have named, the hour being about 8 o'clock, with wind and sea light, the outlook reported a man in a boat dead shead, and only a half mile away. I went forward with the glass, and made him out very plain at once. Indeed, no glass was needed. It was a rough looking boat, provided with mast and sail, and he had let fly his sheet, and was rising and falling on the mast and was rising and falling on the waves to wait our coming. We were up to him in a few minutes, and when we came to look him overmany were the ex-clamations of astonishment. The craft was half raft and half boat, put together in the roughest fashion, and constructed of drift-wood. The sail was a grass mat. The man at the steering-oar was clothed in a single garment, made of the same material as the sail. He had made a large mat and was so great that we forged past him with-out extending a hand. When we got him aboard he walked up to the captain, ex-tended his hand, and said:

"Captain, I am Captain Harsen, of the Boston ship American Chief." "But where's your craft?" exclaimed our "Can't say. I was lost overboard six years ago, to the north of this."

"You don't say that you are that Captain "But I do. My death was no doubt reported in the papers, but here I am. Let me have a bite to eat, and then I'll tell you all about it."

When Captain Harsen got ready to tell his story he had more surprises in store for us. I will give his adventures as he related them, but in my own way. The wave which swept his snip and carried him overboard took along a lot of deck raffle, and upon striking out for himself he got hold of a crate in which two kangaroos had made the journey to Cape Town. It was light enough to float two men of his size, and, although the seas used him roughly for several hours, he pulled through the danger, and finally found a way to lash self and even get some sleep. He knew that he was driving to the south with the seas, but as to how far he drifted during the thirty hours he was afloat could only be guessed at. It has been generally figured at five miles an hour. He was asleep when cast ashore by the tide, and he soon discovered that he had landed on a verdant island about one mile square. The verdure was about the same as that of Madagascar, with the same variety of birds and insect life. There was a species of water rat on the island, but no other animal, and he never saw a reptile of any sort.

The island was a little paradise. There were several springs of fresh water, fruits and nuts in abundance, and nothing to make him afraid. As soon as he got rested the Captain began to figure on his position, and he finally concluded that he had been cast on one of the Aldabra group, two hunmiles to the north of Cape Amber, Madagascar. Subsequent developments proved that he was more than four hundred miles out of his reckoning. Holding that he was correct in his location of the island Captain Harsen figured that he had only to possees himself with patience and all would be well. The Aldabra islands were much visited by fishermen, who caught and prepared a certain fish food for the Chinese, and he had no other idea than that he would be taken off within two or three weeks. He wisely decided to improve the interval by resting up, and for two weeks he slept a good share of each day and all night. He built himself a shelter, satisfied his hunger with fruits, oysters, shrimps and fish, and took solid comfort for awhile. He did not begin to grow uneasy for a month. Then, as he had sighted no sail and no visitors had arrived, he began to get uneasy, but it was two months before he was willing to admit that he had made a mistake in his calculations. He then concluded that he had been driven to what is called the "Middle islands," a group of eighteen islands lying midway between Madagascar and the Sunda islands, and only 100 miles south of

after, although he was as much mistaken as in the first instance. The weeks and months went by, and when Captain Harsen had been six months on his island home he began to feel that it he ever left it he must do so by his own efforts. Now and then there was a storm, but for the most part the weather was perfect. No other land was in sight from his island, and the most patient investigation could not furnish proof that any one had ever landed there. He was not much of a scholar, but in his rambles he found sufficient evidence to show that the island had been thrown up out of the sea by volcanic action. That event must have occurred many years before, for some of the trees were as large as his body. How the birds got there was a matter he did not try to solve. After six or eight months of lazy life, and after waiting until he felt sure that the island would be visited only by accident, the Captain set about building some sort of craft. There was a heap o drift-wood on the eastern side of the island and in overhauling it he found a number of planks and boards which must have come from a craft pounded to pieces by a gale, but he had no tool of any description, except a large pocket-knife. While this dampened his ardor to a great extent, he put in an hour or two occasionally at the work of building, and laid the foundation of the raft we

the equator. He held to this idea there-

When Captain Harsen had been on the island ten months he ate some fruit, which poisoned him, and made him almost helpless for the next three months. When he finally recovered he found it impossible to rouse up any ambition. He fell into a state of apathy, lost all track of time, and did nothing but eat and sleep. He must have lived a sort of wild beast life for two or three years, and perhaps have been out of his right mind much of the time. What finally aroused him was the sight of a ship sailing past his island home one day. She was too far away to be signaled, but the sight of her inspired hope and ambition. He had had a fire off and on, producing it by flint and tinder, but after this he made a signal pile and kept a fire constantly burning, to be ready for any passing ship. It was like awakening from a long sleep. His hair and beard had grown to great length, his clothing was about worn out, and he found that he had gained enormously in flesh. He prepared a set of rules to govern his future went to bed at a certain hour, and put in so many hours a day at work on his raft. Such a craft as he finally completed could have been knocked together in a day by a sailor with the proper tools, but as he had only his bare hands, his progress was slow. The foundation consisted of four logs or beams, about twice as long as broad. These were a foot or more thick, and he burned holes through them and fastened them by means of pins. Then he built up with planks and boards until he had a platform about thirty inches above the sea. It was only after the raft had been completed that Captain Harsen began to dread

a voyage on it. He realized what a great

weave mats from the long grass so plentiful around him, and the skirt or kilt he had on when we found him he had worn for a year or more. After he had stepped a mast and made a sail, he set out on short voyages with his raft, and he would not have trusted himself to it entirely had he known his exact location. When he finally did set out, it was with the expectation of soon landing on some other island to the

The Captain's provisions for the voyage consisted of roasted birds and fruits. The only thing he had to hold water was shells, and by filling four or five of them, he calculated on a week's supply. One day, when a fair wind blew from the north and the weather gave promise of holding good for several days, he cast loose from the island and began his perilous voyage. He had been four days out when we sighted him, and their was no land, except his island, within 1,000 miles. His supply of water was gone, his provisions within a day of it, and even the light seas encountered had almost racked his raft to pieces. He figured that he had made one hundred miles in the four days, and when we came to look at the chart we came to the conclusion that he was out of his mind. No such island was put down-indeed, no land of any sort—for a thousand miles in any direction. He insisted on the truth of his story, however. There was his raft, and that was in his favor. It was against common sense to believe that he had come from Madagascar or Australia

on such a float as that. The whole story was gone over many times betore we reached Melbourne, and was there given to the papers and to the government officials. It was so strange that no one believed it, and we were seeking to get around it by denying that the man was Captain Harsen, when lo! the man that had been his first mate and sailed the ship home arrived in port as mate of a Scotch ship and identified his old commander at once. There was a government survey ship in port at the time, and, after some delay, she set off with Capt. Harsen on board to locate and chart this solitary island. We could give her the location within a hundred miles and after location within a hundred miles, and, after sailing to and fro for a week, she made a discovery. While she could not find the discovery. While she could not find the island, she did find a shoal or bank in midocean to mark its site. Further than that, trees and other drift stuff were encountered in that locality to prove that some queer thing had taken place. On a spot about a mile square sounding showed a depth of from thirty to sixty feet only, while all around it the lead would take down a mile of line. While Captain Harsen could not show them an island, he could point the theory that the island had sunk into the sea from whence it sprang. The spot was placed upon all the charts issued the next year, and a foot note warned navigators to give it a wide berth. Captain Harsen reached home in good health, to sail many other voyages, and died only about ten years ago. While the truth of his story has often been questioned in newspapers and on shipboard, the preponderance of proof was in favor of his veracity. Not the slightest reason existed for misstating the real facts.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Rather Wearing. "Why don't you go to work! Why do on waste your time begging?" "Did you ever beg?" 'No: of course not." "Den you don't know what work is."

With but a Single Thought. He-And what shall I give you for Christ-

He-What a strange coincidence! That vas my idea, also. She Hadn't Thought of That. Pick-Me-Up.

He-Elsie, we must be married next She-Oh that's far too soon! Are you afraid I'll change my mind? "No. love, but perhaps I might." Heavy Work.

First Book Shelf-I'm nearly dead. I've got the whole Encyclopædia Britannica on my hands. They're awfully heavy. Second Book Shelf-Well think of me. I've got a copy of "Kant's Critique" and one of George Meredith's novels on me. Gastronomical Item.

Waiter (to party from the country, just

seated)-Here's a bill of fare, sir. Gentleman (from the rural district)-Now. look here! If you think I'm gwine to pay any bill of fare till I've had something to eat, you're foolin' yourself. Fetch on your

Texas Siftings.

vittles first. Started in Life. New York Weekly. Mrs. Gadd-Your son is still at college, I Mrs. Gabb-Mercy, no. He has gradu-

"He has?" "Yes, indeed; and only last week he signed with the Brooklyns." An Artistic Drawing.

Young Artist (displaying a picture)—This painting is entitled "Jonah and the Whale." Possible Purchaser-Where is Jonah? Young Artist-You notice the rather distended appearance of the whale's stomach midway between the tail and the neck?
Possible Purchaser—Yes. Young Artist-That's Jonah.

A Strong Man. American Commercial Traveler. Young Hopeful-Say, pa, you must be pretty strong man. Father-Tolerably so, my son: tolerably Young Hopeful—Cause Uncle John said

he went out with you the other night, and you could carry the biggest load of any man he ever saw without showing it. Guess What Sister Had Said.

Tommy (entering the parlor where his sister and her young man are)—Guess what I've got in my hand, Mr. Sappy! Mr. Sappy-Why, those are beans. Tommy (with a triumphant look at his sister)-There, what did I tell you sis?

Imagine Sappy's feelings. He Would Take Care of Her. Munsey's Weekly.

Marie-I am willing to marry you, Charles, even if you are poor, but do you think you can take care of me, anyway? Charles-Oh, darling, by this strong right arm raised to heaven I swear that I will support you always, even if I have to take in washing for you to do. And they were married.

Refreshing Frankness.

Mr. Manderson (at luncheon) - What's Waiter-Da's a harm san'wich, boss. Mr. Manderson-I ordered one here yesterday, and you brought me four large slices of bread and more ham than I could

Waiter-Well, yo' see, boss, we only opened d' restorator yistahday, au' dat wuz

He Remembered. American Commercial Traveler. "Why, Johnny, are you fighting?" "I am astonished! Have you forgotton

all our Sunday-school lessons so soon!" "No, ma'm; I haven't. That's why I'm given him a lickin'." "What do you mean?" "Didn't you tell us last Sunday some-thin' 'bout it's being more blessed to give than to receive?

Thirst for Knowledge. New York Weekly.

City Belle-I hope your stay in our city will not be short, Mr. De Science. Mr. De Science (member of the American Ornithologists' Union-Thank you, but my sojourn must be brief. I am here attending the Ornithological convention at the Museum of Natural History, and the sessions will soon be over. "What kind of a convention did you "Ornithological-about birds, you know."
"Oh, yes, yes. How stupid of me! Do

you think they will be worn much next season?" The orderly mother with a walking baby OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545. The clock has been stolen from a Stouchburg, Penn., church.

A circus elephant, sold in Philadelphia the other day, brought \$1,700. Three men and one surveyor laid ont the largest part of Manhattan island in 1813. A spring of petroleum discovered in the Wisconsin iron range has been tested and proven genuine.

A large tract of land in the neighborhood of Canton this year yielded \$1,000 per acre in tea leaves of the finest quality. Six hundred persons invested in a lottery got up by a San Francisco paper, and the only winner drew a yellow-colored novel. South African farmers are greatly annoyed by baboons. They kill their sheep, rob their bee-hives and tear down fruit trees. The statement is made that more than 65,600 elephants are killed in Africa every year. Their ivory in the raw state is worth

\$4,000,000. A crazy quilt just finished by Miss Lizzie Weaver, of Bridgeton, Pa., contains 30,075 pieces, and has been the work of fortyseven years.

A man came into Bradford, Pa., the other

day and paid a bill of \$18 in old-fashioned paper currency—5, 10, 25 and 50-cent shin-plasters, which he had kept since 1864. The 3d of November was a day of prayer for rain throughout South Africa. At Johannesburg the service was hardly over when a heavy rain set in and continued the

whole afternoon and evening. The belle at a recent dog feast on an Indian reservation in Dakota work a jacket trimmed with teeth from 150 elks, which she herself had slain. She is the granddaughter of the chief of the tribe. A family at West Bethel, Me., consists o

a couple, eighty-five and eighty years of age, respectively, who live alone and do most of their work. But they do not lack for music or excitement-they keep fifteen pet cats. An officer who bought for a trifle an old desk in Montreal was led by marks on the

cover to make an investigation that proved the article one of such historic interest that the English government has given him \$1,000 for it. The trial of a colored deacon who was arrested at Wichita, Kan., for stealing coal was advanced on the justice's docket at his

a nice Bible.

"A very nice one," he said to his wife.

"Dorothea is good as gold, and the Bible is her dearest treasure. I know she likes nice things, and she shall have as nice a Bible to his waist. He had made a large mat and put his head through an opening in the middle, and belted it at the waist. His middle, and the Bible is hair fell upon his shoulders, and his whisktherefore the first that was advanted on the justice's docket at his all around it the lead would take down a middle, and the Bible is not show them an island, he could point out the site of one, and in their report to the government the officers of the ship took the government the first of the said. The nad made a large mat and the lead would take down a middle, and the bible is not show them an island, he could point out the site of one, and in their report to the government the officers of the ship took the said. The nad made a large mat and the lead would take down a middle, and the bible is not show them an island, he could point out the site of one, and in their report to the said. The nad made a large mat and the lead would take down a middle and the said. The nad made a large mat and the lead would take down a middle and the said. The nad made a large mat and the lead would take down a middle and the said. The nad made a large mat and the lead would take down a middle and the said. The nad This is the wholesale manufacture of mor-

tar, to be sold to small builders and private individuals. In Berlin, last year, 2,000,000 barrels were sold. A young woman publishes a card in the New York papers setting forth that, whereas it has come to her knowledge that a novel with herself as the heroine is about to be published, she will surely sue the pub-

lisher if it is issued. A new process of burning coal without smoke has lately been discovered. It consists in sprinkling water containing a spe-cial preparation of resin over the coal, and the result is that there is no smoke, and the

glow is as intense as coke. Beer has become a very popular beverage in Japan. The importations from Germany increased from 880,699 bottles in 1886 to 2,601,-227 bottles in 1888, but since then the imports have decreased, owing to the establishment of native breweries.

A young costermonger in Leeds. England. who assaulted and kicked to death a woman who was passing him in the street, and who was a perfect stranger to him, has been convicted of manslaughter only, and sentenced to six months at hard labor. A big black diamond picked up in Brazil is on exhibition in New York. It looks like

a piece of chestnut coal in the rough, but

it would take a good many tons of coal of any kind to equal the value of this lump. It weighs 36718 carats, and is worth A watch made in France during the reign of Louis XV is owned in New York, and still keeps good time. It was made by hand, and is inclosed in a 24-karat fine case, which is ornamented in Louis XV style

with sixteen corners. The works are no thicker than a silver dollar. A rattlesnake fourteen feet seven inches long and eleven inches round, with thirtynine rattles and a button, is reported to have been captured in Terrell county Georgia. The skin has been stuffed and will be sent to the Smithsonian Institution or the National Museum.

First-class passengers are carried between Glasgow and Greenock at 34d per mile and third-class passengers for half the money. and this cheap traffic is considered so valuable that there is the keenest competition for it, one company having recently spent £600,000 in order to obtain a better share. A man named Rye, who lives near Bell aire, O., has a fancy for naming his daugh

ters after the big rivers. Three of his girls are called Missouri, Ohio and Mississippi. Recently a baby daughter was added to the household, and the father, forgetting the double significance of the word, determined to have her christened Monongahela The figures given for the cost of using the

great ordnance lead to a calculation that the Benbow, which carries two 110-ton guns and other smaller arms, would in two ordinary engagements use up guns and ammunition to the value of £130,000. A modern naval engagement on the scale which more than one nation is ready to engage in would cost millions. A sportsman entered an inn in England. aying his gun on a table outside. During

his absence a man named Speakman picked it up, cocked it, sighted it, and then laid it down again. The owner took it up afterward without noticing that it had been cocked, and he and two others, including the man who had examined it, walked on. While they were getting over a fence the gun went off, killing the man who had cocked it.

Edison's phonograph has found a new application at the Milwaukee College, where t will be used as an assistant in teaching the French and other foreign languages. The phonograph, of course, never gets tired, and can be made to repeat the same sentence or the same word hundreds of times. In giving a lesson the teacher reads it before the phonograph, at the same time addressing the pupils, and the lesson is reproduced whenever wanted.

A Cardinal's Prescription. Newcastle-on-Type Irish Tribune. A story which originated with a Hungarian paper is going the rounds of the press of Europe. The story is about Cardinal Haynald, Archbishop of Kolocsa, one of the

most distinguished of the Hungarian epis-When Bishop of Transylvania he was engaged in a journey through his diocese for holding confirmations, in company with his scretary and successor, Mgr. Lonhart. One day, when about to leave a place called Torda, the secretary perceived to his dismay that the episcopal exchequer had run dry, for Mgr. Haynald was, and still is, in the habit of keeping very little money to himself, and giving almost everything away. However, the inn-keeper had to be paid; then what was to be done? The prelate happened to know the chemist in the place, so he wrote out a prescription thus:

N. B .- For one day's application only.

R. Notam austriacam,

The prescription was taken over to the chemist's shop late at night by the boots of the hotel. The chemist's assistant, having puzzled his brains and looked in vain in the pharmacopea, took the paper to his master, who at once saw saw that the prelate wanted 200 florins in bank notes. So he put the notes into a powder-box, sealed it up, and sent the made-up prescription over to Mgr. Haynald, adding that if another dose of the mixture was wanted the patient was welcome to it. The next day the amount was returned to him. Many similar stories are to l of the Cardinal.

Harvard Men Interested in Religion.

For several years the students at Harvard

University have not been compelled to at-

tend chapel during the religious exercises every morning nor the preaching on Sunday. Instead of the old plan of compulsion. the students are left free to choose for themselves between going and staying away. A board of six clergymen, one of them a professor at the university, and the other five prominent pastors of metropolitan churches, conduct the religious services. of \$5,145,000,877, yet Solomon was not hap-Each member of the board is pastor of the py." Well, when it is remembered that he

students appear at the meetings and the work of the pastors has been most satisfactory to all concerned. The experiment has proved, as Professor Peabody lately remarked, that, instead of young men not being interested in religion, there is nothing else that interests them so much.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DISENCHANTMENT Pointed Thoughts on Edgar Saltus's Marriage, Erotic Books, and Things.

Kansas City Star. In a petition for divorce filed in New York a few days ago one Helen Saltus relates that in the year 1883 she was married to one Edgar Saltus, etc.; that for good and sufficient reasons, therein recited, she prays a dissolution of the marriage tie, etc. And thereby hangs a story, which may be built up on the commingling of a

literary and social life. In 1883 Mr. Saltus was a handsome, finely educated young fellow of five and twenty, with a taste for literature and most of the qualifications calculated to make a sweetheart happy and a wife miserable. Presum-ably he fell in love. At all events he mar-ried. Presumably his wife loved him. At all events she was fond of him. Every body was enchanted. Mr. Saltus pegged away at literature. Two years later, while he still enjoyed the reputation of a lucky fellow, he brought out his first book, and, unhappily enough, it bore the lugubrious title, "The Phithe lugubrious title, "The Philosophy of Disenchantment," Mr. Saltus's

course at German universities and sitting at the feet of German philosophy had made an impression upon his naturally pessimist ic mind, and this was its first serious outcropping. Mr. Saltus was beginning to be disenchanted. Within three years he had published the "Anatomy of Negation," "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," "The Truth About Tristem Varick" and "Eden." The critics praised his literary style, marveled at his vocabulary, and joined in a consensus of opinion that the tone of his books was,

to put it mildly. "unhealthy."

It is asking too much, as Bill Bobstay would say, to suppose from the developed line of Mr. Saltus's thought that a married man of thirty, with such gloomy ideas of the social condition of this life, could be particularly happy in the married state or could prove a running river of innocent merriment in the family circle. However, the general opinion that he was merely a little eccentric in a literary way, and the knowledge that her Edgar was a brilliant fellow by whose reflected light she shone, must in a measure have compensated Mrs.
Saltus for her dark suspicions that the
theory that marriage is a failue is not altogether insupportable. Therefore she dallied
with her literary husband in the hope that iemight eventually agree with Dr. Pangloss that this is the best of possible worlds and that after all things do not go on so badly.

Unfortunately Mr. Saltus proceeded to disappoint these reasonable expectations and to go rapidly from bad to worse. He began to wax his mustache and to pose languorously for magazine pictures; to pay attention to the devotions of inane young women who enjoy a sugges-tion of wickedness which, to do them jus-tice, they do not in the least comprehend, and to prove how far a man can go in American literature without actually being drummed out of the community. A year ago he perpetrated the "Transaction in Hearts," and before the stench was fairly out of the nostrils of the readers of Lippincott's he followed it up with "The Pace That Kills," which was altogother too fast a pace for the seber thought of this respectable American century.

Mr. Saltus was now indisputably at the head of erotic and erratic American literature. His vulgarity was more skillfully worded than that of his disciples and followers, but it seemed to emphasize his viciousness more clearly. What Mrs. Saltus was doing all this time the cross-bill can fully determine, but the probabilities are that, as a modest and virtuous woman, her season of complete disenchantment was well at its height. Edgar was not panning out as she had fondly anticipated when she gave him her virgin affections. Was it the old story of the woman with a literary husband, or was Edgar merely dreaming out a theory of his master Schopenhauer in a "World as Ideal."

In order that his perniciousness might be thoroughly understood Mr. Saltus lai down in print a few liberties which should flavor the lives of men. married or single, in forgetting the ennui of this beastly world; and in order that these principles should be understood beyond peradventure he gave a few object lessons to the more favored of his disciples. All these inter esting particulars are brought out in the bill for absolute, unqualified and speedy

Of course Mrs. Saltus's friends will now comfort her with the truly feminine reflection, "I told you so," and of course there will be another argument for the the theory that a literary man and his wife, like "crabbed age and youth" cannot live together. Better had it been for this mismated pair to live like Swift and his Stella, or Merrimee and the Unknown, at long range, than to find. too late, that a wife cannot keep pace with the trend of erotic literary thought On the bare face of Edgar Saltus's pub lished principles, comparatively few of his countrymen will endeavor to defend him. The man who takes the broad ground in literature that "every woman is at heart a rake," and who models his feminine characters to conform to this idea, and to display the debasing side of human passion in semi-glorification of human weakness is not the man to be of practical service to literature or to his fellow-man. As for the wife the hope will be expressed that she will be enabled to bear with fortitude and patience the hard lesson of the philosophy

of disenchantment. Ladybird and Grandpa.

Youth's Companion. Ladybird has many serious thoughts under her brown curls. She does a great deal of wondering, and at Christmas time in particular she asks herself curious questions. Her most intimate friend, after those two dearest ones a little girl can have, is grandpa, but in spite of their loving companionship Ladybird does not always understand him. Especially does she find it hard to guess why he should choose to spend Christmas as he does. Grandpa is ever so much bigger an stronger than she; he can sit her on hi

stocking, and he only says he should like a She wants so much to go coasting on Christmas morning that she almost trembles to think it may storm; but she knows the utmost grandpa expects is to stand at the window and, from time to time, tap on

shoulder and trot about the chimney with

her, yet she longs for a new sled beside her

the pane at her. Grandpa can keep awake in the evening much longer than she; still, she is quite sure he never sits up all night to watch for Santa Claus. He knows almost every thing, yet when she asks him if he believes Santa Claus really comes down the chimney he only smles wisely, and says he should be

sorry to deny it. Grandpa's stockings are large, quite big enough to hold at least a pound of candy, and a long doll; yet he says he doesn't care to hang them up. How very strange that And when the wonderful day really comes, Ladybird knows that, instead of

eating candy, and nuts, and raisins a whole

hour, as a grown-up person might without being told he has had enough, he will say: "No, I thank you," and "give Ladybird my share." Surely it is a strange world, and grandpa is one of the dearest and queerest people in it.

---Growls at Women.

Atchison Globe. When a woman gets cross she gets cross at everybody. Smile at some women, and they will tel you all the troubles they ever had When a woman can wash flannels so that they will not shrink she knows enough to get married.

A woman is never so badly in love that

she does not try to find out the cost of her engagement ring. One of your delicate women will never admit that she is haugry. She will say that she is feeling a little faint. There is only one thing that pleases woman more than to be referred to as a dove, and that is to hear a man referred to as the hawk. A woman never becomes so intelligent

that she learns that it is no pleasure to others to hear her coax her children to speak a piece. Solomon's Christmas Presents. Norristown Herald.

Rev. Mr. Talmage says of Solomon: "H

had at his command gold to the value of \$3,-400,000,000, and he had silver to the value university for three weeks, twice every year. One member of the board retires each year and his place is filled by a new member. This novel plan has met with remarkable success. Large audiences of happy under similar conditions.

READING FOR SUNDAY.

A Prayer. More faith, dear Lord, more faith!
Take all these doubts away;
Oh! let the simple words 'He saith'
Confirm my faith each day.

More hope, dear Lord, more hope!
To conquer timid fear—
To cheer life's path, as on I grope,
Till heaven's own light sppear.

More love, dear Lord, more love!
Such as on earth was Thine
All graces, and all gifts above,
Unselfish love be mine.

Review of the Fourth Quarter's Lessons, Dec. 29, 1889, Golden Text-Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; thy blessing is upon thy people.—Pes, iii., 8.

HOME READINGS. Mon.—II Sam. v, 1-7; 29. Lessons I, II, III. Tue.—Psa. xxxii, 1-11. Lesson IV. Wed.—II Sam. xv, 1-12; xviii, 1-33. Lessons V,

Thur.-II Sam. xxiii. 1-7; I Kings iii, 1-15. Lessons VII, VIII. Fri.—I Kings vili, 1-66. Lesson IX. Sat.—I Kings x. 1-29. Lesson X. Sun.—I Kings xi, 4-43. Lessons XI, XII. GENERAL REVIEW.

The Prominent Persons.—Kings David, Solomon, Hiram of Tyre, and the Queen of Sheba. Uzzah, Obed-edom, Absalom, Cushi and Jeroboam The Places.—Nearly all the events described happened in Palestine, near Hebron or Jerusalem, except in the flight of David across the Jordan.

The Time.—The reign of David began 1055 B. C., and the death of Solomon occurred 975 B. C., the two covering a period of eighty years.
The Record.—The history of the events is

The Record.—The history of the events is given in the Books of Kings and of Chronicles; but many of the incidents have since been confirmed from the books and monuments of other nations. No history was ever written and preserved with such care as that of the people of God.

The Great Events Described.—1. The twelve tribes were united under the reign of David as King. 2. He selected Jerusalem as the capital and royal city of Israel.

3. Hiram, King of Tyre, entered into an alliance with David. 4. The ark of the old tabernacle was brought up to Jerusalem. 5. David's great sin and confession.

6. The rebellion of Absalom. 7. Absalom slain, and David's great sorrow over his slain, and David's great sorrow over his death. 8. David restored to the throne and the city, and dies in honor and peace, leaving behind him many psalms and songs of praise. 9. Solomon, the son of David, anointed as king and becomes his successor. 10. Solomon's dream, and his choice of wisdom dom. 11. The Queen of Sheba visits Solo-mon. 12. Solomon forfeits the favor of the Lord and falls. 13. Solomon's reign closes

in darkness and trouble. Of General Interest. The chiefs of Swaziland, Africa, have

oined in a petition for the abolition of the iquor traffic in their country. Mrs. Dr. Brown, of the Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, is said to have been the first to

suggest the formation of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The Christian Standard made this point on the elect-infant question: "We have known parents, controversially hot against the Calvinistic doctrine, horrified at the thought that their infants, dying, should go to perdition, but carelessly permitting them to go that way while living."

The Sunday-school university plans, which were approved by the Sunday-school committee of Rock River Conference last October, are now being inaugurated in Chicago. Rev. Watson Tranter is the corresponding secretary. A prominent feature for 1890 is the special reading course on the life of Christ, which will be conducted by the secretary. The course will take sixty minutes a week, and will, during the year, make a completed narative of the life of the Savior from the words of the four evangel-

The Northwestern Christian Advocate. the Christian Endeavor Society in its early organization, says of a pamphlet contain-ing testimonials in praise of that society. that "most of them were written at the ilar society into which to gather its own young people. It is possible to say many good things about the 'endeavor' society. but we are very sure that the use now being made of this pamphlet was never contemplated by the Methodist ministers who are quoted as we describe. Our church now has its own Epworth League, and the very ministers who are now made to indores the Christian Endeavor will not hesitate to

give the Epworth League the preference." Thoughts for the Day. Whatever we beg of God, let us also work

for it.-Jeremy Taylor. The whole system of life is full of divine and memorable compensation .- Canon Far-It is worth a thousand pounds a year to

have the habit of looking on the bright side of things .- Dr. Johnson. Four elements of Christian life and experience: First, admit; second, submit; third, commit; fourth, transmit.-Canon Wilber-

No one can lay himself under obligation to do a wrong thing. Pericles, when one of his friends asked his services in an unjust cause, excused himself, saying, "I am a friend only as far as the altar."-Fuller. Every temptation that is resisted, every noble aspiration that is encouraged, every sinful thought that is repressed, every bitter word that is withheld adds its little item to the impetus of that great movement a richer life and higher character.-Fiske. I find this world, now that I have looked

O Lord, let it not be the nest that my sou buildeth in. This world, in its gain and glory, is but the great and noble deceiver, by which the sons of men have been beguiled these five thousand years .- Ruther-Charity is more extensive than either of the two other graces, which center ultimately in ourselves; for we believe and we hope for our own sakes; but love, which is a most disinterested principle, carries us.

out of ourselves into desires and endeavors

of promoting the interests of other beings.

When one starts for Germany one learns

that a mark in money is equivalent to

upon it on both sides, is but the fool's idel

-Atterbury. THE MARK AND DOLLAR. Exchange Value of the German Unit Does Not Equal Its Purchasing Power.

Correspondence Hartford Courant.

twenty-five cents very nearly, and that therefore four of them make an American dollar. But after a few weeks' sojourn in this country it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the mark has, to all intents and purposes, taken the place of the dollar as a standard of value and an actual purchasing power. This feeling is strengthened by the fact that the mark, like the do lar, is divided into one hundred pennies. To-day I feel as guilty in spending fifty pfennig, that is, twelve cents), as I do in spending 50 cents on my native heath. In other words 25 cents seems to go about as far here as \$1 in the United States. Let me give a few illustrations. From Cassel to Hanover is a five hours' railway journey; I had a good-sized trunk sent as freight from the one place to the other. On arriving at Hanover, the trunk was brought from the freight depot, over a mile away, to my house, carried up to the second floor and deposited room. The cost of the whole job, from the time the luggage left Cassel, was 95 pfenning, or about 28 cents; surely the same would have cost a dollar or more anywhere in America. Doubtless the small charge is partly explained by the fact that the carting to the house, as well as the railway transporta-tion, was done by the freight company. Again, a large glass of good beer costs 15 pfennings, or less than 4 cents; hair cut, 30 pfennings, or under 8 cents; a pair of eyeglasses 2 marks (50 cents) against \$1.50 or \$2 in New York. The swellest seat for the opera here in Hanover is 3 marks, or 75 cents; where in Hartford the prices at a similar entertainment would be at least \$1.50 and in New York \$3 to \$5. And so on with all commodities and luxuries, and with house-rent and table-board. The converse side of the shield is turned when one mentions the innumerable little but fast multiplying fees which are expected at every and any slightest service. I have heard it asserted in America, that the idea that a student can live in the German University for one half what he can in the United States or England, is false; but it now seems to me that the assertion must be near the truth everything being cheaper, from the beer up to the text books.

RED CROSS Cough Drops-all druggs